

Mushtaque B Barq

Translated by

Dr. Sohan Kaul

A Novel

The Psychiatric Ward



The Psychiatric Ward

1950

1951

1952

1953



1954

*The
Psychiatric
Ward*

A Novel

Dr. Sohan Kaul

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Mushtaque B Barq



AUTHORS P R E S S

*Dedicated to
Ayush and Mehak*

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After the intersection of Kathi Darwaza, when his gawk netted the sign board of the asylum, he stopped and stepped in to recount every word on the board, 'Institute of Mental Health and Neurosciences Kashmir.'

He had read the words repeatedly, but his unpremeditated look had never hooked his notice. As a result, he was unfamiliar with the board. As he glanced at the board, he felt as if he had brought something to his knees so as to get hold of the preferred fate. Although friends suggested a different placement due to the hospital's history of caring for dangerously insane patients. But he was aware of the fact that once a meaningful relationship is satisfactorily established between the patient and the doctor, it ends in pleasant companionship. During his studies, Dr. Naveed had visited this hospital many times and completed his internship from this institute but today the hospital appeared to him to be slightly different. Perhaps now the hospital is meaningfully connected to his bread and butter. After crossing the main gate of the hospital, he immediately arrived at the private cabin of Dr. Mushtaq. Dr. Mushtaq was not only an eminent psychiatrist but was also humane to the extent of being accustomed to the human predicaments. He was a notable figure in civil society and headed the hospital and was the teacher of Dr. Naveed as well. As a result, it was obligatory for him to pay his respect to his teacher in the first instant. After a gentle knock, Dr. Naveed carefully pushed the door open. Dr. Mushtaq was attending a patient but he signalled Dr. Naveed to take the weight off his feet. He promptly obeyed the visible signal and sat at ease on a sofa to watch the doctor and listen to his patients. The patient was a 60-year-old woman surrounded by her two

young sons. Dr. Mustaq comfortably listened to them and occasionally monitored the elderly lady. After he listened attentively to all they had to state, he abstemiously smiled, which was typically marked by Dr. Naveed only. He took his pen and inscribed: Admit her to the psychiatric ward.

From today onwards, this beloved mother would be Dr. Naveed's patient. After that, the bell brought in the poem, "The send Saima Ji here and also serve us tea. Just a possible minute more, Doctor, and I will be free." "Sir, please relax and take your time." This was an appealing gesture of obedience by Dr. Naveed, but Dr. Mustaq studiously kept monitoring the old woman. "Dear mother, from today you will stay here." "Why to Doctor?" she asked innocently.

"In point of fact, you frequently visit this place, and owing to the approaching winter, it will be challenging for you to make constant visits."

"No, winter can't bother me; I shall be making regular visits, but my survival outside my home is unthinkable. When my innocent children are asleep, and my husband returns home at night, he will be annoyed by taking notice of motherless children. No, no, I can't stay here."

"It is a matter of a few days."

"They won't attend the school; they will wander around. I know it."

Dr. Naveed was taken aback by how these mature sons would do at school. Being a doctor, he sensed the elderly woman's problem and, in the meantime, the door opened. The reflection through the door was sharp enough to recognise the incoming person. When the door was shut, only then came a charming nurse into view who was standing at the door.

"Sir."

"Dear Saima, please escort this mother and admit her to the psychiatric ward. Bed number 8 should be allotted to her."

"All right Sir."

"By the way, meet Dr. Naveed. He is your new doctor. He has joined only today."

"Greetings"

"Greetings to you as well" he responded. He was pleased to know that decency still prevailed around him.

"Doctor, leave me alone, and don't hold my hand, I can't stay here. My children will be off beam."

"Mother, your sons will also stay here with you and just after a few days, you will be fine and move back with them."

"What is wrong with me to be cured? Doctor, why don't you inform them?"

"Mother, you only have to stay here for a few days for proper monitoring."

She was won over, and Saima escorted her to the ward. After the door was shut, Dr. Mustaq kept gazing thoughtfully at the door and then finally addressed the sons of an old woman's sons.

"At your earnest request, I sinned. I know the preferential treatment at this hospital cannot do wonders, but minding your trouble, I have admitted her, but now do pay frequent visits to the hospital so that she may feel as if she has been treated at home."

"It is fine, Doctor," one of the sons said, standing up, "we would never have asked for the favour, but her dead end of time

The autumn season was in full swing; the chill was about to break the confines and a gush of air was busy detaching leaves to end their relationship with the parent limb. Haps of fallen leaves were seen on the roads and lawns. The crimson Chinatrees had occupied the entire locale. The columns of smoke rising from the heaps of burning Chinatrees leaves in the atmosphere were creeping into the recesses of the heart of Kashmir to register its possible arrival. The autumn season is astounding in lecture for the reason that it signals the termination of one relationship and the beginning of the other. On the other hand,

future. When they left, Dr. Mushtraq stood up and took a seat beside Dr. Naveed and embraced him as if a minor child was sitting in his father's lap. After that, tea was served, and both enjoyed it. Dr. Naveed kept listening to Dr. Mushtraq's experience, which he shared during the tea, and in the depths of his heart, he professed the fabulous dawn of his impending

"It is my responsibility now. Don't worry." "Please take due care of our mother."

"Thanks a lot, Doctor," they both expressed their gratitude to Dr. Mushtraq, and then turned to Dr. Naveed and requested, "Please take due care of our mother."

"She is not to be blamed for it. If anything is to be blamed, it is her stunning mind, in which time has come to a standstill. Anyway, you can relax now and with it, my worry too is over, because Dr. Naveed is going to take care of her from now onwards."

"That's a lot, Doctor," they both expressed their gratitude to Dr. Mushtraq, and then turned to Dr. Naveed and requested,

"Why this Iron Gate and security, Saima?" He asked.

As Dr. Naveed looked around, he found two security guards at the Iron Gate and could see the ladies at the extreme end of the ward.

"This is the ladies ward," she pointed out.

As he was about to enter the ward, she adjusted her headgear and smiled. She guided him to the ward.

psychiatric ward. Outside the ward, Saima was waiting for him. Dr. Naveed came out of the room and reached for the gate of that we can. After an extended conversation with Dr. Mushtraq, we have to carry on beyond Kutra on beyond Kutra to discover all of Kathi Darwaza and the traditional stories connected to the rule intersected. The kingdom of Kutra from the other side of the travel around Kashmir, the Kathi Darwaza ought to be an integral part of our existence. If at all in the future, one has to patients. But with the passage of time, the hospital turned into might have been constructed for a few mentally challenged would reside in our history as a significant chapter. This hospital been a far-fetched imagination to recount that this hospital the foundation stone of this hospital was set forth. It might have obviously, the exclusive part of the castle was awkward. When scattered all over. It was like an unexpected verdict, and with tussle and tassel subways and relationships were patience well-marked in them. It was the place where interventions every word in there narrated the tale of woes with pain and fighting a war against their mentally challenged patients, and u-Arreen (R.A.), countless mentally challenged patients were under the divine supervision of Mata Sharika Devi and Saitan-unlooked-for place. Inside the castle, at the foot of Hari Parbat, in the liquid heart of the city, this hospital was located in an

"Sir, because these patients can turn violent at any time."

Dr. Naveed only smiled in response and said, "We have failed to understand them, Saima." They are among us, like our sisters and mothers."

"This sounds good, but their behaviour is changeable and one never knows when they will do what is unexpected of them."

"Let the door be opened, I want to meet them all to analyse their case study and to learn about their behaviour."

"Doctor, you are too tired today and it is your first day. Let me escort you to your room."

"No, Saima, these patients have already forgotten their association with their relatives and are always looking ahead to establishing a new relationship and that they are trying to see a doctor as their longtime associate. I want to meet them first and then go back into the room."

Saima ordered the security men to open the gate. As the sound of the metal reached the ears of the patients, their eyes were stationed at the gate. A few looked ferocious, a few like withered leaves, a few only waiting for some unknown moment. When Dr. Naveed entered the ward, he was shocked to see the number of patients in it.

"Such a huge number of patients, it seems that the entire Kashmir is admitted in this ward."

"The entire Kashmir is like it."

"Unfortunately is this nation whose sisters and mothers are locked inside the gate waiting for their termination."

"No one thinks like this doctor."

The Psychiatric Ward • 13

"Of course, they too think..." As Saima sensed Dr. Farah standing next to Dr. Naveed, she cut it short.

"What is the doctor asking for?"

"There is no need to ask them; I am Dr. Farah, and am in charge of this ward."

The sweet voice stopped Dr. Naveed. He turned back and witnessed a gorgeous lady wearing a pair of costly goggles adorned with loosely arranged silky hair, a prototype of exquisiteness.

"Welcome, Dr. Naveed; by the way, you should have sought permission from me before entering this ward. Nonetheless, it is good to know you are concerned about the patients. Please carry on." After saying this, Dr. Farah left. Dr. Naveed and Saima kept looking at each other. Both are attending to the patients and reading their case histories. Saima is sharing the necessary facts about each and every patient with Dr. Naveed, and during the rounds in the ward, they stopped at bed number 8 and found her like all blank for the reason of her being a fresh admission. She is the same mother who was already counselled by Dr. Naveed.

"Doctor, have my children returned from their school?"

"Mother, they have not arrived yet; otherwise, they should have attended to you."

Saima kept asking, and Dr. Naveed tried to respond to her by informing her that he had not till date read about such a case in medical science, and that Dr. Mushtaq had been doing research on this case and that he may have to visit America to present his paper. Dr. Naveed continued his round and kept scrutinising the faces of the patients and their files.

"How many more patients are there in this ward?"

"Yes sir, Dr. Farah has recommended the same treatment almost to all."

"Every patient doesn't need the same treatment, Saima."

"Then why this electric shock?"

"Inclusiveness has to be put to use. Shock treatment is acceptable but not suitable for all."

Meanwhile, Doctor Naveed attends bed number 10, where a young girl has thrown herself down, but is seriously watching them both. As the doctor approached her, she all of a sudden stood up and, with folded hands, asked for mercy.

"Please don't torment me any longer. It's not a good idea. It's excruciatingly painful. Please don't rip my dress; I'll undo it on my own. I just put it on a few days ago. I beg you, I'll take off my clothes. See, the old scars haven't healed yet. As you can see, the old wounds are still congested. I'll submit my will, but please don't use force. "This is my shirt, take it..."

Saying that she exposed herself and stood naked on the bed.

"Oh my God, Saima, please wrap her."

"Doctor, please leave."

In this chaotic state, when Dr. Naveed leaves the ward, he finds Dr. Farah waiting for him. She holds his hand and takes him along. Saima was seen clothing the young woman. The Iron Gate is again shut and the security men resume their duty.

For the first time, Dr. Naveed was already sweating and, for the first time, he had encountered life for the first time. He felt that underneath the fort of Hari Parbat there were numerous and a million of questions irritated him, for he was

near such a holy gate. By the way, he sits in the room with Dr. Farah, and she too adjusts her chair beside him.

"Doctor, you should not have taken a risk on that too on the very first day." You should have consulted your seniors. "I think the careless nurse should have informed you about their aggressive behaviour beforehand."

"No, she is not to be blamed. I insisted. I am sorry." "Don't feel sorry, actually that girl is undergoing ECT." "Electroconvulsive therapy! How many shocks has she received?"

"To be precise, four"

"Oh, no! She will die due to shocks. Her mind will be dead. She is a young girl. Medicines should have been tried first."

"Do you still recommend medicine after observing her state of the ailment?" "Not only medicine but inclusiveness and emotional empathy."

"Doctor, come on, these are bookish suggestions and are repeatedly mentioned in research papers, and all that doesn't suit these wards. In these wards, actuality is unclothed pitilessly. She has been ravished, a miserable gang rape. She has been irretrievably ruined."

"We moreover have, like them ruined her. They have severely tortured her body and we have deteriorated her disordered mind, there is hardly any difference between us." Dr. Naveed fled the room, and Dr. Farah kept brooding, wondering if all that Dr. Naveed revealed was true or the ECT treatment, which medical science recommends for such violent patients.

There was a profound calm in the ward now. Dinner was already served, and everyone was waiting eagerly for peaceful

mother had placed her plate in front of her and was staring at her. All had taken their dinners, save her. The tick-tock of the wall clock was only heard in the ward, and in the dead silence of what the need for the wall clock was in the mentally retarded ward, wherein, one way or another, time had stopped for them. In any case, the person who installed the wall clock may have imagined that one day the wall clock would be able to motivate their mental frozen time. But whatever was inside was concealed, but outside the darkness was dense and the barking of dogs was apparent.

Hasn't anyone seen my children? Have they attended their classes? God knows. I have been imprisoned. God knows what the conditions at my home are, and my husband might have arrived. "She asks so many such questions, but the security guards hardly respond, as if they were pillars of stone in front of her, devoid of all senses and emotions. Hopelessness returned the mother to her bed, where her neighbouring patient suggested,

"Try to sleep. Why don't you sleep? Don't be so impatient. I too have been waiting for my husband for many days."

The mother calmly responded, and in the meantime, the dogs barking intensified, and she rushed to the door of the ward where her two sons are seen with a lunchbox.

"Let my life lay down his arms. Have you returned? Come in. Why are you so late? Has your father returned too?"

"No, mother, he has not returned yet. You please take this box and eat it."

"Cooked rice, who prepared it?"

"We know how to cook!"

"Oh my God! Do come in. How innocently have you cooked?"

"No, mother, please continue, we are in the next room."

"All right, you can go, but do not roam outside, the dogs are on the prowl."

The guard opens the iron Gate and hands over the tiffin box to her.

The mother occupies a corner of the ward and takes the dinner briskly, perhaps she had not eaten anything throughout the day. And in the meantime, the night of autumn moves on to its destined spot.

The autumn season passed and winter took over. The Chhail Kalan started to illustrate its severity. It was overcast, and from dawn, it was occasionally raining, but at noon, the snowfall look over.

It was overcast, and from dawn, it occasionally rained. Dr. Naved and Dr. Farah were busy attending patients at the OPD when Dr. Farah suddenly glanced through the window and the snow added an appalling look to her face. She turned to Dr. Naved and greeted him, saying, "Let you welcome the first snowfall."

"You too." Dr. Naved was attending to a patient and it was suggested that he be admitted despite objections by his father. Dr. Naved asks, "Don't you want him to recover?"

The father of the patient took a long pause, and Dr. Naved was waiting for his response, but before the words would come to occupy his lips, his cascading eyes had the answer well in place. Dr. Naved stood up and consoled him.

"Please pardon me, but let me convey that the doctor is next to God. I don't have the guts to disprove your suggestion, but

his sister is going to get married within days. If her in-laws come to know about his ailment, they may cancel the marriage. Otherwise, I had no objection to your suggestion."

"Oh, no! Don't worry, I will prescribe some medicine for him, but why should they cancel the marriage?"

"There are countless people living in homes who have almost lost their mental balance, but their family members do not shift them to hospitals for the reason that they might be accused for nursing their mentally challenged sons and fathers. Doctor, this society belongs to hollow men."

"Take this prescription, I've suggested some medications. To avoid any klutziness, he must be escorted and never be left alone."

Dr. Naveed taps the head of his patient and looks through the window. The clouds of heaven were mercilessly deteriorating the conditions outside. Saima, too, at the window, has been enjoying in the snowfall. The footfall of the patients has already thinned. Dr. Naveed stood beside Saima at the window, enjoying the heavy snowfall.

"Doctor, see how within no time the entire earth changes its colour."

"Unquestionably, Saima. Only one colour, white, in last minute no plurally, only oneness."

"Doctor, do you write as well?"

"No, save medical papers that are published in foreign magazines."

"Get in your room."

"I'll submit my leave for those days as well."

"But why?"

"I am too tired to attend to patients of the same nature. I sense I may fall ill."

"I believe Kashmir as a whole is in a state of medical dysfunction. What will happen to such a large number of patients if everyone involved in their care becomes the same way you do?" Meanwhile, Dr. Farah entered into the room and stood behind them.

"Roads have been clogged by a heavy snowfall. I'm going to take a break before the roads become impassable and please phone me if there's an emergency," Dr. Farah says as she walks away with her handbag.

"It'll be all right," Dr. Farah leaves as Dr. Naveed approaches. Doctor Naveed and Saima entered the room again. He begins reading the patient case history while Saima prepares coffee. Coffee's aroma invades the area with a pleasant sensation. Outside, the snow had severed the silence, but within a dramatic pulsing was on. She took a corner seat to savour the last sips of coffee after serving the doctor. Saima was staring at Dr. Naveed all the time, and if he raises his head, she lowers her gaze.

"Doctor, I have to go to my work," she said, and Dr. Naveed didn't even raise his head.

"What's more, if you want to go, you can, but it's snowing fiercely right now and that could make things worse."

Dr. Naveed's statement makes her upset, but he says Doctor Farah is not leaving.

"So, what's next?"

"Who is this Shazia?" asks the doctor

"The case history you're now studying is the same Shazia"

"What if we do you know?" he asked, raising his head

"I work as a nurse. I'm aware of everything that occurs in the ward. I look into their heads as well as their bodies"

"How long have you been aware?"

"It was about ten to twelve days ago"

"Under such circumstances she will be unable to carry the fetus" Dr Naveed was so lost in the vacancy that he forgot about his coffee and became completely absorbed in her case history

"There was no such confirmation at the time of her medical check"

"No" she said as she rose to wash her cup and approached Dr Naveed

"It's not a huge deal. We need to get an abortion," she said

"He was obliged to raise his head and say, 'Action is required' proposed this procedure" He appeared to have lost his ability to speak after that. He closed the file and leaned against the chair for a moment

"Naveed, it's too late. Let's get going, and I'll drive you off at the nearest bus"

"The birth of a new world of a new world. Their feelings were visible as they walked through the street. I saw the car continued to proceed through the street, skidding and stopping at times. But Dr Naveed eventually arrived in Karaman where Samia was staying"

"I don't feel like eating. Not if it is what you eat. I don't"

"You are correct. We need to figure out how to find the proper way. By the way, I'm sure you're hungry. Come on, Samia get your meal started. It's too late already"

"I don't believe in it, but we've been plagued with a never-ending curse since 1947 that has resulted in widespread mental illness"

"It put it plainly doctor, Kashmir has been harmed by some one"

"of patients who have yet to be treated there due to social taboos"

"father. There were a few friends of Kashi in the provided. They talked about the hospital in detail, including the present number"

"Dr Naveed. He took Kashi and began to converse with Samia's law. A fresh night suit, a warmer, and a shawl were provided to God had provided him with a charming and vivacious son-in-law"

"father stated emphatically that his guest was over. He thought with open arms. When Samia was introduced, Dr Naveed her father stated emphatically that his guest was over. He thought"

"Everyone, including Samia's father, welcomed Dr Naveed both moved in after brushing the snow off their heads"

"and they sped through the small lanes to their destination. They would be difficult to reach Barzulla. He parked the car quickly"

"The snowfall had exacerbated the situation, and he knew it. The snowfall had exacerbated the situation, and he knew it"

"We will inform them that it is difficult to reach Barzulla"

"No. I must reach for the reason my mother would be worried about me"

"Yes, kindly stay with us tonight"

"Have you reached your destiny?" Dr Naveed asked

Apart from her parents, Santos had a younger brother, who was studying engineering in Baltimore and was in a of studies. Afraz Ahmad, Santos' father, worked for the Food and Supplies Department before returning in June of this year. He only had one sister after completing his term, his son and daughter were all married.

(In the afternoon the night watchman called on the
to bed, and he was convinced that he would never be able
reward from him. He was always urging his wife to be faithful
Mr. Agaz was confident today that God has the best in store
him Northwest, when Dr. Naveed had completed his treat-
Salma accompanied him to the adjacent room, where his bed
had been set up. Dr. Naveed slid into the bed, and Salma
adjusted his bed clothing as if he were a child.

[illegible]

"The water bottle is indeed excessively hot."

"The most serious problem in Kashmir is a lack of electricity. When it rains or snows in Kashmir, the electricity grid takes the brunt of the damage."

"The lines are not strong enough to withstand the weight of snow, and trees also fall on the cables."

"Would you mind taking a break?"

"Thank you so much, Salma. I'd have ended up trapped."

"Would you like to tell your parents by calling?"

"During our talk with Abu Ji the time flew by unnoticed." "Abu Ji is a fascinating individual. Religion, politics, and literature are all areas in which he excels."

"And it is a fascinating individual Religion, politics, and literature are all areas in which he excels."

The snowfall had ended, it had melted and given way to the spring season. New grass had sprouted. The tree limbs were filled with buds. It was tough to imagine how these once snow-covered roads and lawns had taken on a new appearance. The patient, too, wishes to see similar improvements in his life, but it appears to be a distant dream. The mental institution had never, at least, intended to make exactly the same as it was. The increase of patients, which had grown rapidly. All patients admitted to the hospital, including physicians, had their names "written" down. The "ward" had returned from an "Ally's" meeting, but Dr. Mushrag had not yet arrived. He had high hopes for this international conference since he had to present a "sub paper." The "Lover" said that he would at "completely" and there was a strange quiet all around.

My dear beloved daughter is here I have an idea what
awful fire has led her to this hell I wish she had died and
that would have been the only way now but her existence appears
to be an ongoing torment & suffering

"There must be a reason indeed,"

Who's your daughter? asked the doctor

My daughter, Shazia, she responded

Oh no! Don't worry, she will be all right, God willing

The rehabilitation is meaningless because she is too stupid

Dead? But why is that? How can someone who is alive be

labeled 'dead'?

We assassinated her. Those beasts murdered her followers

by her father and uncles.

What do you mean?

To preserve our faces, we announced her death by

suicide.

And everyone believe it?

They had to since we alienated her.

But, mother, so much suffering for someone who is not so

fault. You have no right to punish her in this way. Are you

unaware that she is expecting a child?

Yes, way? Certainly not! What calmly has befallen me

though? Please recommend an medicine that can kill her!

Mother, what kind of nonsense are you referring to? This

do not is a murder!

I'm not her father and solely are useless, where should

I let reside where her parents live

How brave should I be to take her?

It was a great surprise for me

and I was not at all

prepared for it

Can you tell me the way to

find out what we are

doing? I am not sure

we handled what we are

doing. I am not sure

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[illegible]

What Who Prescribed It?

Since the day received the show she has recognized including her in them

That which is that + the

И СЪЩЕ И ТОЙ ЧЕ, И МА ДЪВ ДЪВЪНЪ

A peculiar silence settled over the room as everyone senses that something is about to happen. The children are all looking at each other, and the adults are also looking at each other. The atmosphere is tense and quiet. Today she didn't even ask for her children.

What kind of changes are you talking about?

A night desert I sat

I in Rome to the P.P. and you shall know what I

What's the use here? Keep it as it is; it's good as it is. The hospital take these clothes and make her wear them. I'll keep the money in the locker. I'll say, I'll say, and you shall go with me.

1. The first step is to identify the problem.

[illegible]

There are many things which we have to do in order to be able to do the things which we want to do. We have to be able to do the things which we want to do. We have to be able to do the things which we want to do.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a standard font. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right.

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem or goal. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be achieved.

2. The second step is to gather information. This includes researching the problem, identifying resources, and consulting with experts.

3. The third step is to develop a plan. This involves setting priorities, determining the sequence of actions, and allocating resources.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves executing the actions, monitoring progress, and making adjustments as needed.

5. The fifth step is to evaluate the results. This involves comparing the actual outcomes with the expected results and identifying areas for improvement.

[illegible]

But why is that? And is wage oppression, and
 You won't compare your thinking - like a wild, in
 which appears levels but lacks the ability to be turned,
 And it's a matter of the remainder of the world, or a
 more, better map to the level.

We have left it to do with a gun.

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$

[illegible]

Math. Sci. J. 1 (1968) 1-10

[illegible]

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding dates. The names are: John A. Smith, John B. Smith, John C. Smith, John D. Smith, John E. Smith, John F. Smith, John G. Smith, John H. Smith, John I. Smith, John J. Smith, John K. Smith, John L. Smith, John M. Smith, John N. Smith, John O. Smith, John P. Smith, John Q. Smith, John R. Smith, John S. Smith, John T. Smith, John U. Smith, John V. Smith, John W. Smith, John X. Smith, John Y. Smith, John Z. Smith. The dates are: 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2

הוא נשאל על ידי המורה: "אם אתה רוצה להיות חכם, חפש את האמת".

הנהגתו של המושל החדש, משה שרת, הייתה
מבוססת על חוקי המשפט והמשפטים.
הוא היה אדם צדיק ונאמן, ואף כי
היה לו הרבה עבודה, הוא לא חדל לעולם
להיות אדם צדיק ונאמן.

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

The Vice-Chief would describe the various conditions which are likely to occur during the course of the voyage.

$\gamma_{\alpha\beta} = \delta_{\alpha\beta}$

guns from behind the woods arrive on the scene and seize his horse. Ama Lala is ordered off the horse's back by one of the boys. As he was getting down, one of the boys battered him and threw him down.

'There is no place for us now that the forest is the only place to hide, but you have wiped out all the trees and left us high and dry. He was in great discomfort, but he managed to sit up.

'Is there anything wrong with you?' I take down the trees, but you slay people.

This is what you think. We have been listening to the same tale since 1947. Every cause needs a sacrifice of life.'

Which is the reason you are talking about, the way you dislike my mission. I too dislike yours.

'You're abetting your decision hardly matters for the reason that you will be no more alive. But before that, it was obligatory to have a chat with you so that you may not live with the notion that you have been killed without any charge.'

'I am completely innocent.

'You have robbed us of our woods and are claiming to be innocent. You're stymied the ongoing movement and you're claiming innocence.'

'But I'm not the only one to blame.'

You're having a good time with them, despite the fact that we know they don't belong in Kashmir.

They do belong to Jammu.

What happens next? Do you know what they're up to? Deforestation is not their goal, but depriving us of shelter means

Jew. Those who suffocate the voice of the Kashmiri people fear murder or disappearance.'

'I don't comprehend you.'

That is no longer relevant, there is no need to comprehend anything. Give me the rope, we'll hang him here, why waste a bullet?

A man pulls a rope from his backpack and creates a noose. Ama Lala trembles with terror. He does all he can to flee, but the four lads tie a rope around his neck and hang him. Thunder and lightning rang over the neighbourhood followed by heavy rainfall. Ama Lala tosses his legs for a while, but then he becomes silent. The horse waited for his rider and called again, but received no answer, eventually going to report to his master's house. Sara tends to the horse as normal, but the absence of Ama Lala troubles her greatly. She calls him and, as a result, leaves the village. Her screams frighten the entire community. She knocks on the village chief's door, but she receives no response and finds no one at the door to listen to her. She is spotted wandering around the neighbourhood before dawnbreak and then she learns that Ama Lala committed suicide by hanging himself and that his dead body is hanging in the forest. Sara's waiting for her husband begins at this moment and her clock stops at that moment. This occurred some 22 years ago. For the last 22 years, she has been observed waiting for Ama Lala at sunset on a regular basis and remembering her children as they were then. Time has barely moved for her. She still imagines her children reading the books just as she would have done 22 years ago.

That mother's frozen time has to end. This case is in my laboratory, and I'm performing research on it and attempting to find a cure. This is our struggle and we must overcome it.

The entire hall applauds and gives a standing ovation.

"This is a commendable job," someone shouts in the audience. Dr. Mushtaq continues to deliberate upon how frozen conflict affects the mind and brings the full scenario of the Kashmir conflict to the forefront.

He claims, "The use of electric shock is not intended for all patients. There are disorders that do not necessitate shock therapy, but their criteria are distinct, and these criteria must be discovered in order to heal that mother." The same ailment became the conference's focus. Almost all the papers were on the same issue, covering conflict zones. At the conclusion of the conference, it was disclosed that a pharmaceutical capable of altering the challenging mental composition had been developed. To determine the medicine's legitimacy, its efficacy should be evaluated in humans. Doctor Mushtaq submits his name as we in order to receive the drug. He thinks this drug is safe for the mother. The next day in the Municipality auditorium, the awards for the greatest medical services were presented, and Dr. Mushtaq was named "Scientist of the Year." Around 12 pm, Dr. Naveed receives a message. He opens his eyes to read the message. Dr. Mushtaq, your instructor, has been named "Scientist of the Year." Dr. Naveed hurriedly dials Dr. Mushtaq's number, but his phone is repeatedly switched off since the function is still active.

The mother was much quieter than before. She couldn't recognize her children or the nurse, and she couldn't communicate with anyone. Dr. Naveed was sorry about it, but Dr. Farah was relieved that she had put an end to all her life, including her boys and husband, and the time period in which he was now free of any bondage. Every part of her brain had been muted, recognizing and reasoning had already been rendered ineffective. This ward was packed with patients, each one unique and harboring a distinct ailment. Aside from these patients, there were two additional ones, Saima and Dr. Farah,

whose diseases were linked to the institution. She was still nurturing her ego as she grew older and had not yet opted to settle down. Dr. Naveed seemed to be the ideal choice for her. She had still to articulate her feelings for Dr. Naveed, and she found it difficult to convey her desire to him. She would have trusted Saima, but Saima was not a dependable person on whom she could rely, so she had to do everything on her own. She was constantly reading novels, watching movies, and reading poetry in order to discover a clue, a way out to find a place in Dr. Naveed's heart. In any event, her argument was honest, taking into account her family's position.

The summer season has begun. Acacia flowers were seen throughout the fort. The white Acacia boughs had greeted the Parbat with open arms, as if these flowers had been hanged to Mata Sharika by a devotee and as a symbol of respect at Sultan ul-Aarifeen's tomb. The fort's exterior had been altered so often that it was impossible to interpret. It seemed like summer in the summer and winter in the winter. That is why the Mughals built a great wall around it, or why it may have been walled before them so that its wealth remained within it. In any case, these are high-ranking references, and their lofty levels are above the normal references, and we are standing at their feet as a common human population.

Meanwhile, Dr. Naveed had meticulously written Shazia's paperwork, noting all the problems she would experience after giving birth. He had said that this pregnancy had been ordered on her and that abortion should be permitted. Although it was a delicate matter, murdering him after birth was a difficult, not impossible task. Dr. Naveed had contacted every doctor in order to make them appreciate the gravity of the situation, and he had been signed by Dr. Farah as the head doctor, proceeding to her room. Her arrival was an incredible delight for her, as if she had been freed from the woe. As she entered the room, she gave him a

$\rho_{\alpha} = \rho_{\alpha}(\lambda)$ is a function of λ and $\rho_{\alpha}(\lambda) \rightarrow 0$ as $\lambda \rightarrow \infty$.
 When $\lambda = 0$, $\rho_{\alpha} = \rho_{\alpha}(0)$ is the α -th order moment of the distribution of X .

[illegible]

1. $\Delta \gamma = \gamma_2 - \gamma_1$ is the double area of the parallelogram W_{γ_1, γ_2} .
 2. γ_1, γ_2 are the sides of the vector triangle.

I have been much interested in reading your
and have at length arrived at the following
conclusions:

$$|c| = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} \right) = \frac{1}{2}$$

11. The π -conjugated system of the molecule is shown in the structure below. The π -conjugated system is the part of the molecule that contains the delocalized π electrons. In this case, it is the entire molecule, including the two phenyl rings and the central carbon-carbon bond.

r of r ab m') while sat. where t₁ sat. t₂
 met in the act of f e o f m' in ar. r m' j₁ p r e m' j₂
 t e where f e r e p h e r r f i o r

[illegible]

Il primo è il fatto che la legge è stata approvata in un clima di grande tensione politica, con il rischio di una sua interpretazione distorta. Il secondo è il fatto che la legge è stata approvata in un clima di grande tensione politica, con il rischio di una sua interpretazione distorta.

$\mathcal{L}(\mathbf{y}|\mathbf{x}) = \prod_{i=1}^n \frac{1}{\sigma_i} \exp\left(-\frac{1}{2\sigma_i^2}(\mathbf{y}_i - \mathbf{x}_i^T \boldsymbol{\beta})^2\right)$

$$\left[\begin{array}{c} r^2 \\ r^2 \\ r^2 \end{array} \right]_{\alpha} = \left[\begin{array}{c} r^2 \\ r^2 \\ r^2 \end{array} \right]_{\alpha} = \left[\begin{array}{c} r^2 \\ r^2 \\ r^2 \end{array} \right]_{\alpha}$$
$$\frac{1}{\sqrt{h_{\text{eff}}}} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{h_{\text{eff}}}} + \frac{1}{\sqrt{h_{\text{eff}}}}$$

At least, a lot of people are interested in it.

[illegible]

V_2 is the volume of the gas at the initial state, P_2 is the initial pressure, T_2 is the initial temperature, V_1 is the volume of the gas at the final state, P_1 is the final pressure, T_1 is the final temperature, n is the number of moles of the gas, and R is the universal gas constant.

$\frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} \right) = 1$

$\frac{1}{2} \pi$

Also, $\frac{1}{2} \ln 2 = 0.3466$

$\Delta_{\text{eff}} = \Delta_{\text{eff}}^{\text{eff}} + \Delta_{\text{eff}}^{\text{eff}}$

... the ...

[illegible]
$$m_{\text{eff}} = \frac{1}{2} m_{\text{eff}}^{\text{eff}} + \frac{1}{2} m_{\text{eff}}^{\text{eff}}$$
[illegible]
$$P_{\mathcal{A}}^{\mathcal{A}} = \left(\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}} \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix} \right)^{\frac{1}{2}} P_{\mathcal{A}}^{\mathcal{A}} \left(\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}} \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix} \right)^{\frac{1}{2}} = \frac{1}{2} P_{\mathcal{A}}^{\mathcal{A}} = \frac{1}{2} \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix} = \frac{1}{2} I_2$$

(1) $\forall x \in \mathbb{R}, \exists y \in \mathbb{R}, x + y = 0$ (2) $\forall x \in \mathbb{R}, \exists y \in \mathbb{R}, x + y = 1$
 (3) $\forall x \in \mathbb{R}, \exists y \in \mathbb{R}, x + y = x$ (4) $\forall x \in \mathbb{R}, \exists y \in \mathbb{R}, x + y = x + 1$
 (5) $\forall x \in \mathbb{R}, \exists y \in \mathbb{R}, x + y = x + 2$

4. $\frac{1}{2} \leq \frac{1}{2} \leq \frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2} \leq \frac{1}{2} \leq \frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2} \leq \frac{1}{2} \leq \frac{1}{2}$

What proof would the door. You should have been up.

I believed you were having a chat with each other. The way I saw it here.

Thank God the file has been signed and tomorrow morning part Shazia and La Dea Hospital where the other will take place and we must then accompany her.

Doctor I like to clarify you that Shazia's behaviour is charged significantly. Are we making the wrong choice?

This is not her bad. Saima, cut a black mark a scar. She can't keep wearing this wound much longer. No, Saima, whatever we're doing is fine. You must give her this medication and keep her prepared for tomorrow.

As you please Doctor.

Shazia's operation was performed the next day under the supervision of the medical superintendent. Shazia responded appropriately, she obeyed every direction and seemed to be a proper woman. She had closed her eyes and was floating in the air when she was brought out of the operating room. She simply ignored the pain, her face remained devoid of any painful expression. She opened her eyes after a few hours when Dr Naveed arrived. She had painted the time of pain in her lips.

By the grace of God, Shazia, you look better today. Today my vengeance came to an end. What have you meant? Guilt was consuming me, but today it has ended. But you hadn't done anything wrong.

I had erred.

What type of sin was that? I should not have wandered among men since I am a woman.

But how do you recover so immediately?

Shazia, you make me feel like a murderer.

Anyway, rest now, we'll get it sorted out.

Why would I go there, Doctor? What do you want from me?

At least believe me, Shazia. I'll know what place to go for you.

After all, Lord, I have faith in you. Whatever you ask of me, I will do it wholeheartedly. You are the only owner of this existence.

'It is the lord's property.' That's all right, Saima. Take excellent care of her.

Shazia remained staring at him before closing her eyes. Her gaze was drawn to Dr Naveed. She continued to converse with him and when she fell asleep, she was completely unconscious of it.

The mental hospital evolved gradually. The atmosphere, treatment and facilities improved over the previous year. Everyone seems to have evolved.

Dr Farah's objectives would be thwarted as she sought to get closer to Dr Naveed. As promised, when Dr Naveed arrived at Dr Farah's house that day, he was completely enthralled to discover a lovely world of elites. For the first time, he realised the power of money. He felt depressed and insignificant. A magnificent mansion to astonish everybody, stood on the edge of Dal Lake, reaching up to five kanas. The inside was fit for a king's chamber. Expensive carpets on intricately carved wood flooring. A captivating interior linked a drawing room next to the dining room and the sleeping chambers on the second floor. Dr Naveed's observations would be enhanced by balconies that

When I've Naved looked at his watch, it was nearly 11 pm
He stood up and walked over to his father
'I don't need it, it is now a late'

There is no need to be late.

Special Agent in Charge

The family will be waiting for me at Port Jervis next year.

Please do not address me as "you are" in the future.

[illegible]

Count on, let me lead you to the Kale

No. 100,000,000

Come on I'll take you to the gate

No please stay here. There isn't any, alas for.

4. Второй из нас сказал о после Н.

By using the word *Guest*, you have further allowed yourself to become the "flavored beer" with a straw.

Not at all, I stores are the in stretched individuals

[illegible]

But not for me, the poet
I : I am abtually, I've said that

The Editor,
The New York Times

[illegible]

1. $\frac{d}{dt} \int_{\Omega} \rho \, dx = \int_{\Omega} \rho \, dx$ (conservation of mass)

[illegible]

W. J. van der Meer

Итого: $U_{\text{ср}} = 1,4 \text{ В}$ [Р.Р. 2011]

[illegible]

Not attached. Please keep your I, M, H card to you

[illegible]

25. The following are some of the ways in which the system of

I'll have you and program you to be a star.

[illegible]

Mr. Naveed said quietly listening to the father's words and her father arrived. He was escorted

him to avoid Salvia since a horse and a doctor are never a good match and the entire hospital is watching and

...all about a range of subjects including domestic violence, child abuse, and mental health. I have had

the wall. He continued looking at her, admiring her expression. When the painting moved, he realized it wasn't.

par great attention to everything. Dr Farah led him to her bed

as the heart throbbing heavily of Dal Lake on one side.

'How about Parah'

"Please close your eyes."

For what?

"Would you please do it?"

"Ah right," Dr Farah says as she approaches Dr Manning and shapers something into his ear.

"I love you."

When Dr. Maveed opened his eyes, Dr. Farah had already left. And there are just lights from all sides. Dr. Maveed didn't believe what he heard. With this inquisitiveness, he started to get out of his car and drove away.

This encounter only served to enhance their bond. Samma would suffer as a result of their proximity. It was difficult for her to observe the couple's warm relationship and the love they would take for each other. But she had no idea how it developed in the circumstances. The friendship progressively grew, witnessed by Farah's father, who visited Naveed's father.

[illegible]

youngest and he had married his daughters with great pomp. His first daughter married into a rich family, it was in whose second marriage Hakim Sahib was also present. But Dr Naveed also supported the same. But Dr Farah was financially ahead. Anyway Jin Sahib arrived at Hakim Sahib's house to discuss the future of Dr Naveed and Dr Farah. It happened at a time when Dr Naveed was not a home. The Hakim Sahib was overjoyed and the wedding date was set for Naveed's home began a full with previous feast and expensive stuff. Aside from being an Apple laptop phone and watch foreign car. A shortage of cash and four ranaas of land. A hakim in which the cabin was already built. All this stunned Kameem and he remarked "She was the sister and deserved the luxury". Marriage was impossible if Kameem because of the social environment yet it is stated that money makes her marriage. Those who had raised their son had their own mind. In a nutshell luxury was everywhere. Dr Mushaq returned to work on the wedding day and visited each other. First and foremost he attended to his patient, the mother although she did not recognise him interact with him. He scanned her file and stood by Dr Mushaq's side.

• What suggested ECT is better?

Dr. Salma

What? Wasn't he stopped by Dr. ...?

She was in the hospital for me.

Oh my God, I'm not feeling so good. The
more I think, the more I feel. I'm not a
person and I'm not a person.

$\Delta H_{\text{f}}^{\circ}(\text{aq})$ values are given in kcal/mol.

Toda a informação é de natureza

its splendour and Dr Farah was preparing to go. The majestic architecture, the pomp and show, supported by incredible luxury and comfort were impossible to overlook, but it was the only alternative at the time. Her father embraced her as she stood on the grounds, looking back at her palace. Both their eyes welled up with tears, and Farah's mother, too, was crying at her daughter's leaving. Farah moved briskly and took her seat in the Mercedes followed by Dr Naveed and the car moved from Nishat to Barzulla. The dawn was dancing on the water film of Dal Lake and from the Hari Parbat the dawn was showing off its appearance. The situation at the hospital was different. Both Dr Naveed and Farah were aware of the proceedings in the hospital. The couple seemed restless to pen the new chapter of their lives. Both had sealed their lips only to save their expression for that extraordinary moment of ecstasy. The automobile passed through Gagnibal, then the historical marketplace. Dr Farah gave a serious expression for the first time. Perhaps she was introspecting to gather strength for the challenges that were ahead. Her in-laws appeared to be too far away from Amira Kadal, but when she caught sight of the river Jhelum, she was surprised, as she thought her world had transformed along with her wish lists and objectives. She scanned the entire river that was silent, perhaps too busy to script their narrative.

She was so absorbed that as the automobile drove through the entry to Dr Naveed's house, all she could hear was "It is our home, and I cordially invite you to stay with me. You must regard what is there, in order to save my love and respect for you." These words whisked her away to another planet. The thunderous *Rauf*⁹ welcomed her as she stepped out of the automobile. The scent of *Lband*¹⁰ had already captivated the entire ambience. Her entire family waited in line to meet her and she was startled to see how long they had been waiting for her. Dr Naveed's mother led her inside, followed by the

rest of the visitors. Following that, a convoy of load carriers transporting the dowry arrived in Barzulla. Anyway let us leave them with the noise and bustle and report to the hospital at 10 am where Dr Mushtaq and Saima are both unsuccessful and despondent. Today is a momentous moment in the history of medical science in Kashmir. At ten o'clock, Dr Mushtaq entered his room, emptied his cabinet and wiped all his research work from his desktop, which he had hoped would spark a medical science revolution. He sat down and clasped his hands about his face and recalled the moment when he was declared the scientist of the year. The reverberation of the shouts took a terrible turn and projected as an excruciating cacophony, forcing him to open his eyes and, in reaction, he shut his ears, pleading "Please, for the sake of God, leave me alone. I can't be held responsible for that."

"Doctor, what happened?" Saima charged towards him with a glass of water, but she was only a phantom in front of him. He took a drink from the glass and said, "Saima, inform all the doctors and nurses to meet me immediately in the meeting hall for an important meeting. I need to address them all, but before that I shall pay a visit to the entire hospital."

"As you see fit, Sir?"

Saima obeyed the directions, told everyone and returned to see the doctor.

"Come on, Saima, let us go around the entire hospital and check the status of patients."

Doctor Mushtaq met each patient to go through their case files. He administered medications for a few patients. As soon as he reached the ladies' ward, he attended to the mother there. He thought Shazia would recognise him, but she was still passive and unmoving. Dr Mushtaq attempted all he could do to find her, but she had already crossed the line into the unknown. Dr

Mushtaq just grumbled, rose to his feet, and reviewed Ghazali's case file and smiled.

"Dr. Naveed's patient."

"Sir."

"She has received acceptable care. This is what I mean by therapy. I'm glad that Dr. Naveed will be able to accomplish marvels and take care of impoverished folks after me."

"But," she said simply, nodding her head. He finished the circuit, took a cup of tea in the cafeteria, and then attended to the waiting physicians and nurses in the hall. Everyone gave him a big round of applause and greeted him as he entered the hall. He walked around and observed.

"Dear friends, I greet you all with warmth and gratitude for your gracious comments and affection up to this point. Today I'm going to reveal something significant, which is why I summoned you here. I just believe that your time is valuable and should be committed only to the patients. You are all excellent physicians, and the truth is that I failed to be an excellent and comprehensive physician. As a doctor and as a friend, I failed on both counts. But my efforts are not to blame for my failure. If anybody is to blame, it must be my luck and my studies. I failed to use the best of myself in my students."

"Sir, what exactly do you wish to convey?" inquired a senior doctor.

"Please my patient. I'll go through everything I began my investigation on at a case that was serious and fascinating. Many doctors were inspired by my research. They were all engaged in my research and in addition, I was able to establish my purpose for research. My research would have revolutionized

medical sciences if it had been effective, but it never matured. In my absence, the laboratory where this case could have been tested was destroyed. I'm not criticising the physicians since I knew they didn't do it on purpose but rather out of ignorance. However, I lost credibility with international organisations because it was the only such case I was working on. It was providence's will, and I failed terribly. Your doctor, Mushtaq, has failed you. I've completely lost it. Keeping this in mind, I have already submitted my resignation to the Health Ministry by e-mail, and he will receive a printed copy only today. I'm assigned to this department till dusk. I have let down my friends." After saying this, he left the hall and quietly descended with everyone searching for the cause of the silence. They'd all worked out who the offender was, with the majority of fingers pointing towards Dr. Naveed, but no one dared to say anything. Everyone followed the doctor, groaning and embarrassed, save Sarma, who paused for a moment since she was aware of the fact that Dr. Naveed returned she was torn between exposing the perpetrator and concealing the truth. The resignation of Dr. Mushtaq went viral on social media. Many news outlets broadcast this story and were continually debating whether or not the resignation should be accepted. There were a plethora of question marks. As the word spread, hundreds of people left the hospital questioning Dr. Mushtaq's departure. For the first time, the physicians believed that resigning might cause such a commotion in civil society. For the first time, they realised the significance of their vocation. It was the talk of the town and everyone expected him to stay for the patients' sake. In any case, it was an unexpected day at the hospital. Mushtaq's mental hospital when an honest breach occurred in the hospital. The news reached Dr. Naveed and he congratulated his colleagues. He felt that he had been able to do his job. He was not a doctor, but a man. He was not a doctor, but a man. He was not a doctor, but a man.

longed to accept the phone call and he had no option but to pick up the receiver. He was expelled from the room and he was astounded at what prompted Dr. Mushtaq to quit.

What is he saying, Farah? The news is in fact serious.
It is an emergency.

Dr. Mushtaq has stepped out.

So what now? If a doctor resigns, the proceedings at the hospital will be halted. The show must go on. Patients will not recover unless he is the sole doctor.

However, Farah! What prompted him to resign?

As a result of his interaction with patients, he has become impatient. He has lost his senses. Leave this matter alone to fight. It is not really the right time for it. This night is yours to have it your way. This is the first night where we will be able to complete our new venture in close proximity.

I am aware of it, Farah, and I am sorry I was upset enough to be removed from that world.

This world belongs to you. It is constantly welcoming you with welcome arms.

Naveed was keen to know who had caused his instructor Dr. Mushtaq to quit and Farah was anxious to hold him in her arms on the sticky bed, guided by her silken body and touch.

She was not a fling to waste any time and was eager to spend each and every minute with Dr. Naveed. She was not in the mood to lament Dr. Mushtaq's resignation. She wrapped her youthful, exuberant arms around her husband and whisked him away to a room where she was in charge of everything, even the moon and the stars. They sat on a bed that was strewn with flowers. Everything was done in the presence of air. Everything

was abundant in this silence. Naveed was not a fling to waste any time and was eager to spend each and every minute with Dr. Naveed. She was not in the mood to lament Dr. Mushtaq's resignation. She wrapped her youthful, exuberant arms around her husband and whisked him away to a room where she was in charge of everything, even the moon and the stars. They sat on a bed that was strewn with flowers. Everything was done in the presence of air. Everything

Everything with the exception of the sun may be postponed. The sun rose at its scheduled time with curfew unbroken in five areas. During the night raids a young man was asked. When the news leaked early in the morning, there were protests in numerous places and the government responded by imposing a curfew. Curfew and the curfew by the way would have something in common. It was clear that the city had had enough of the curfew. When this city shed its skin, early and became a new person, a spell of despondency and helplessness was cast in its wake. Regardless of what is to blame, this is not the time to argue. Return with me to the psychiatric hospital, where melancholy and depression pulsated like an extended metaphor. Dr. Mushtaq's resignation was accepted by the administration, and the major concern now is who will replace him. A lame-like sensation branched over Saama as the order reached the hospital. In a flash, she envisioned providence dawdling, wakefulness on occasion. How could she be in charge in this spiral after killing many patients? She had a million questions in her head but none to answer. By the way, she was

How much do you know?

1. I know a little bit about the history of the world.
2. I know a little bit about the geography of the world.
3. I know a little bit about the science of the world.
4. I know a little bit about the art of the world.
5. I know a little bit about the literature of the world.

6. I know a little bit about the music of the world.
7. I know a little bit about the dance of the world.
8. I know a little bit about the sports of the world.
9. I know a little bit about the games of the world.
10. I know a little bit about the hobbies of the world.
11. I know a little bit about the interests of the world.
12. I know a little bit about the passions of the world.
13. I know a little bit about the emotions of the world.
14. I know a little bit about the thoughts of the world.
15. I know a little bit about the feelings of the world.

Do you know when that girl is with you he doesn't know

1. I know a little bit about the history of the world.
2. I know a little bit about the geography of the world.
3. I know a little bit about the science of the world.
4. I know a little bit about the art of the world.
5. I know a little bit about the literature of the world.
6. I know a little bit about the music of the world.
7. I know a little bit about the dance of the world.
8. I know a little bit about the sports of the world.
9. I know a little bit about the games of the world.
10. I know a little bit about the hobbies of the world.
11. I know a little bit about the interests of the world.
12. I know a little bit about the passions of the world.
13. I know a little bit about the emotions of the world.
14. I know a little bit about the thoughts of the world.
15. I know a little bit about the feelings of the world.

Naveed. The (CPI) was empty, there was no one around. She was nervous as to where the doctor would be after (CPI) was over. She kept looking until she came across Dr. Iqbal, who was preparing to leave. She rushed inside the room.

"Dr. Iqbal, where is Dr. Naveed?"

"Dr. Naveed, I don't know he was married recently and how could he be here so soon?"

"No, doctor, I responded. When I saw him he told me to take the tea to (CPI)."

"Come on, Ma'am, you're daydreaming. I was in (CPI) only now since he wasn't here today."

"What?"

"Dr. Naveed will start next week, and they will both be out leave in 10 days, do you understand?"

"If he fine, Saama became dejectedly since she couldn't believe what Dr. Iqbal had told her. She dashed back to the room, where she discovered the towel in the same place as when Dr. Naveed had left it after drinking. She smiled like Dr. Naveed. She dashed to the ward, but Dr. Naveed was nowhere to be seen as she went back to her room.

"Was it a nightmare or a dream?" She persisted in the inquiry. She suddenly tipped the tea from the cup she had used. Outside, the curtain was briefly entered. A passing reference to the crescent at Khanavari and Nowshera passed her and she finished her tea, gathered her belongings, and left the room.

Many changes occurred in the world around as time passed yet nothing changed at the hospital. In the hospital, there was no change. It was becoming increasingly worse. Like a person, the family of the patients, as well as the physicians and

Saama would always be there to help Dr. Naveed. In the midst of it all, an official order read "Saama was to be Ward 1 immediately." It was one of the hospital's most famous wards. I was crowded, chained with violence, mentally challenged inmates. Before entering that ward, the physicians would exercise extreme caution. It was a safe ward where everyone was welcomed by the order. It seemed almost impossible to locate a nurse in the ward. When the ward was assigned to her, Saama regarded it as a private person who had given her the order to go.

"I don't believe it," said Dr. Iqbal. "I will see me through simply beg him to let me stay." She kept in her room with this order in hand taking her belongings and a few important documents with her. She received an envelope and remembered that it contained some with Dr. Naveed was busy pressing something on the paper where she took this envelope.

and referred it to him. He paused for a moment, as if he were thinking, and then he said:

III. 11. 11.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

...is a

the by share as mother Yes, I feel all my family safe since it was given

... ..

Now that I've been allowed to

5415 RUB. RUS. 1538000

What Ward number 1, how is it possible for a number 1 to be in such a position?

Investment

2018年10月

Mr. Way flow in d the m... b

4. The U.S. Department of Justice is responsible for the following:

Please do not, there, really need for that.

The Journal of American Studies, 37 (1986), 1, pp. 1-10.
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© Cambridge University Press 1986

21. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions of the system (1) as $t \rightarrow \infty$. It is shown that the solutions of the system (1) are bounded and tend to zero as $t \rightarrow \infty$ if the matrix A is stable. The second part of the paper is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions of the system (1) as $t \rightarrow \infty$ if the matrix A is not stable. It is shown that the solutions of the system (1) are bounded and tend to zero as $t \rightarrow \infty$ if the matrix A is not stable and the matrix B is positive definite.

... ..

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19. $\frac{1}{2} \log 2$, $\frac{1}{2} \log 2$, $\frac{1}{2} \log 2$, $\frac{1}{2} \log 2$, $\frac{1}{2} \log 2$.

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But we also find that

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[illegible]

No, we could need it at home and tomorrow is a holiday.

So I'll be waiting for you at tea. Please arrive as soon as possible.

Dr Naveed remained in his chair as Dr Farah went away, pondering: was it love, hate, or true faith in Saima or was it simply an excuse to hurt her? He left the room with the envelope full of cash in his locker. As he walked out of the room, he noticed that everyone was concerned and upset by the order, but no one dared confront the authorities. At the tea table, Farah was waiting for Dr Naveed to arrive home.

Dr Naveed was ready to have his tea when he got a call from Saima.

'Hello.'

'What?'

'What was the reason? Please contact her family, and I will return shortly.'

'What happened, Naveed, and who was on the other end of the line?'

'It came from the hospital, one of my patients in Ward 2 had hit her head on the window and is now unconscious.'

'Anything may happen at any time in a human mind, cannot it?'

'Are you talking about me or my patient?'

'As for the patient, she was speaking like a philosopher yesterday and is suddenly aggressive again today.'

'How can he forget that he has lost two daughters?'

Of course, this is a catastrophe that has spread throughout the hospital.

'Who was on the other end of the line?'

'It was Saima.'

'Oh.'

Dr Naveed went to the hospital without finishing his cup of tea. Dr Farah stood on the balcony and watched him go.

There was considerable pandemonium in the mental hospital. Saima had summoned physicians from the hospital's emergency room. The physicians recommended that the patient be sent to SKIMS or another hospital once they had evaluated and treated him. Meanwhile, the ambulance and the file had been prepared, waiting for Dr Naveed to arrive. He valued the patient's pulse and other vital signs and a blood test that he sent to the hospital right away. He called for an ambulance. Doctor Naveed and Saima, the patient's daughter, arrived at the hospital. The ambulance is travelling to the hospital. Dr Naveed is constantly monitoring the patient's vitals. Saima is sitting by the patient's side, which she would like to keep hidden from everyone.

'I think her journey is over,' a relative remarked, hopelessly.

'Let us place our trust in the Almighty.'

'She used to have faith in him, but now she has lost it.'

'She was the mother of two beautiful sons, but now she has lost them.'

'They were as attractive as Yusuf, but no trace of them could be found.'

'How did the cops feel about it?'

'Police involvement was debatable.'

"What do you mean by this?" the doctor asked her relative.

"Doctor, have you ever thought about all the young people that went missing and where they went?"

"I didn't have time to think about it. I too, believed she was given up today."

"She has been waiting for their homecoming for the past few years."

In the meantime, an ambulance arrived at the hospital entrance. Dr. Naveed immediately shifted her to the emergency care unit, where she was placed on a ventilator. Naveed and Saima took care of her the rest of the day. Naveed asked to remain at home. Dr. Naveed was certain she would die but he was doing everything he could to help her. She gave up her ghost in the middle of the night. Dr. Naveed set go of her and rested her head against Saima's shoulder.

Saima: "Your Zaiba has died, 'What happened by the way?'"

"As I was ready to depart, I decided to pay a visit to the patients because I might not be in that ward after tomorrow. As I approached her, she sprang from her bed and tossed her head against the window's steel grill, causing her to be flung down and lose consciousness. Then we put a bandage on her wrist until you came."

"Troubles inevitably accompany a disturbed spirit, when her family members are her demise."

"If you don't mind, I'd want to see what this sac contains that was previously unavailable. Otherwise, this question will torment me for the rest of my life."

"It has to have something in it."

"Let's have a look at what she has in her bag." Saima untied the knots in the sac and discovered some garments, copies, and papers. Saima's eyes glistened with salt as she inspected the images.

"These are her sole possession, her poems."

"Yes, she'll be joining them right now. Close this sac as soon as possible. Please notify the doctor and her family. The autopsies will be completed by then, and her body will be handed over to her legal heirs. You did, in fact, call me. What was the purpose behind this?"

"Yes, I called because I sensed her death approaching. It is now gone, and she is no longer in pain."

They both walked out to get the family and located them in the canteen, where they informed them about Zaiba's death. They were on the verge of collapsing. Her brother was one of them, and his friend was the other. They received the deceased's sac from Dr. Naveed and Saima. Dr. Naveed and Saima raced back to the ICU and decided to wait until the morning because moving back in the middle of the night was tough. Naveed and Saima stayed up all night on the hospital's steel benches, discussing Zaiba and her absconding boy. They would reflect on her fate at times and on her residence at that time.

No one from the mental hospital comes out alive. After the death of Zaiba, a breaking news hit the stands which was in the form of an article by Dr. Mushtaq, who was soon rendering his services to the nation. It was of the nature that there is hardly any home in Kashmir which is not affected. And every year the number of mentally disturbed patients were touching the peaks and from 1990 the political conditions of Kashmir had triggered a flood of such patients. Conflict not only takes a toll on the mental health of the people living in the conflict zones. Mental hospitals would have come in handy to tackle

such problem, but then the hospital was itself *sitting badly* after all it was a hospital.

Despite the fact that the ward was in a horrible state, Saima was a regular visitor and was well versed with the patients and their ailments. The shackled patients, most of whom were women, would urinate and, at times, spit their own blood with a few of them screaming hysterically. As representative of every Hollywood film, this ward was a dangerous place. Saima, on the other hand, was insistent on averting them. She had accepted the task and was no longer afraid. In the ward, Dr. Naveed would pay her a visit. Dr. Naveed was greatly pleased by Saima's passion and tenacity.

Dr. Naveed invited Saima to his chamber one day. It was time for lunch. Dr. Naveed stepped up and sat next to Saima.

'Saima I'd like to invite you to a celebration, please let me know if you prefer lunch or dinner.'

'Dr. Naveed, it was simply a passing request that day, we'll have lunch together someday, just relax.'

'I have no objections but having lunch with you will undoubtedly add to my preference.'

'But how?'

'Because you are one of the hospital's toughest troops who battle without being rewarded.'

'Doctor, I'm doing my best and that's all there is to it.'

'With all people like you in the department it won't undoubtedly collapse all night, enough of the doctors are making a mistake in their work.'

'I can't do more.'

'I'm going to leave. At 7 pm I'll come to your house and see you.'

She followed Dr. Naveed up to the front gate and then raced back as he left. All these facts were not hidden from Dr. Farah, she was aware of them. Dr. Naveed and Saima were being watched by her spies all over the place. Today many new patients were admitted, and dealing with such a rush was a difficult assignment, but the hospital management was not prepared to take it on. To keep the spectacle going, several physicians and nurses had to submit, often against their choice. Saima was capable of carrying out any task that had been set for her. When Saima approached the female ward, she saw that bed number 12 was vacant. She crept in quietly and took a position near the bed. As she sat on the bed, a voice spoke to her, 'What are you up to?' Zaiba was looking at her when she turned her head.

'Oh! Mother, you are no longer alive. What brings you here?'

'Oh daughter, how can I die? I need to wait for my children, who must be on their way.'

'It that's the case then why did you just give up?'

'Who was it that informed you I'd given up? I was merely waiting for my sons here. So I shifted my location for a brief period.'

'Waiting is extraordinarily terrible.'

'Don't be concerned, everything will fall into place.'

She walked and found the patient she had seen overloaded a moment in the background and broke into a run to see if the small boy was escorting a patient. Today, this bed was assigned

to someone else. Saima sprang to her feet in a flash. The boy carried young and gorgeous lady. She is a new patient. She has been admitted by Dr. Naveed, they remarked after glancing at Saima. 'Is she alone or escorted by someone?'

'Her mother and brother are outside the ward waiting for her.'

'Leave her alone. I'll make her sit. Come on, my sister, take a seat here.'

When Saima used the word 'sister', she got a full-throated smack and a barrage of invective. The ward boy was taken aback, although everything in the ward seemed normal. In hospitals, such situations are prevalent. The patient sat on the bed by herself.

'Can you tell me your name?' Saima inquired.

'What do you have to do with my name? Do you have to reveal my name to army men?'

'No, no, I am your sister. Why should I reveal it to army men?'

'Go ahead and tell them. What can they do about my feet, anyway?'

Saima was nervous, and she had no choice but to leave the ward. The patient's brother and mother were waiting for her as she walked out of the ward.

'Are you people with her?'

'Yes, sister, we are with this unfortunate lady.'

'What has happened to her?'

'Don't ask Sister, she deserves to die, but we can't see her in her present state.'

'What was the reason?'

'Two days ago there was an altercation in our hamlet in which my mother was slain.'

'That had to be her kin.'

'No way, Sister, this has been a lengthy narrative of my life and bad luck. She was engaged to one of them.'

'Let it go, mother. A doctor must be familiar with the patient's medical history.'

'It is fine you can go, she's been hospitalized and the doctors will take care of her, God willing, let her go, one day.'

'Can you tell me where the doctor is?'

'He's gone and he'll see her tomorrow.'

'Does she require any special treatment, such as medication or something else?'

'No, everything she needs is already here. She will be supplied with all she deserves.'

They both left, and Saima returned her gaze to the ward where departing, concluding that the patient was at ease on her bed. It was now 4 pm, and she needed to leave to make plans. She entered her room, gathered her belongings, and as she walked down a long corridor, she wondered how Dr. Farah would react if she knew about the meeting. She received a phone call from Dr. Farah when she was at the gate. 'Yes, Ma'am,' she said as she hung up the phone and looked up at the sky before reporting to Dr. Farah. She knocked on the door and asked if she might come in.

'Yes.'

'Am I allowed to come in, ma'am?'

There is a "4"

She was now completely unaware of what was going on. She was off all her senses. Everything was analogous to her. She felt no one was unfamiliar to her and she had even lost time. For her, the difference between night and day was gone. She could easily be cared for in her house presently. She was next on the list, since she was doing well, but she couldn't find anybody to take her home.

"I believe she is no longer in need of therapy at this facility. She has reached the point where she requires your prayers and support."

"Your services, understanding, and love and care will be enough to make her feel better. That is the only therapy she needs at this time. Now it's up to you to get her home."

"First and foremost, she will not get violent again since we have been monitoring her for many days, and if God forbid she does become aggressive, the hospital will take care of it."

"That is no longer possible. I recall Dr Mushtaq advising you not to admit her to the hospital, but your request forced him to do so, and his entire life was ruined as a result of this patient. Her discharge certificate has already been completed by me. Today, you must transport her to your home. A change of environment might be quite good for her."

"It is all right doctor."

But the one who has made it, and you are unfit for it.

the people would perish. He

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page.]

"They've been trying since 1947 with minimal success which has added to the public's dissatisfaction. Do you know how many Schizophrenia cases are diagnosed in Kashmir each month?"

"I work with patients as well, but our focus must be moved to medication and that it can treat them to a considerable extent."

"Treatment is, of course, required, but how many people may profit from it? How many asylums will be built? By the way, every household in Kashmir is a mental institution that houses a variety of patients."

"Doctor Sahib! You're tinkering and playing with fire."

"How come?"

"Do you think anyone can understand you in this scenario since no one is with you?"

"One must attempt, it is up to man, and the reward lies with God."

"Atif buzzed me last night, and he's worried sick about you."

"I'm not sure why you're all so concerned. Am I taking any risks? Am I siding with anyone? No, all I'm saying is that conflict must cease because it has resulted in mental illnesses, which is why death is looming over us and we've been forced to succumb. I am not accusing anybody or whatever is to blame."

The car arrives at the gate, the horn alerts the guard, and after parking the car in the garage, Dr Mushtaq exposes himself to his wife while strolling on the lawn.

"Don't worry; God will see right through me and Kashmir." I think there are many people who think like me."

"Can you tell me when you'll be leaving for the morning?"

"The following day."

"Yes, we'll pay our respects at Syed Sahib's mausoleum tomorrow night. It is Thursday tomorrow."

"It'll be all right."

Since Dr. Mushtaq realises what is going on, he is perplexed as to why people are so concerned about him when he isn't doing anything wrong. It was impossible to bring peace to Kashmir since the people sought the goals of numerous agencies, and no one was willing to go forward in building a peaceful environment in Kashmir. Kashmir has become a market where the youth of Kashmir are set ablaze in place of petrol, diesel, and coal. Dr. Mushtaq was able to examine everything after the Geneva Conference. He was of the opinion that there are facts outside of medical literature that can aid in the treatment of mental illnesses. At the conference, Dr. Mushtaq gave a powerful address. He displayed the data in front of everyone. He was briefed about Kashmir's mental state, and he mentioned a few diseases as well. The conference was summed up in his address. When Dr. Mushtaq came to Kashmir after that, he was questioned by everyone, and during one of the interviews, he hinted at the third possibility, which he must have discussed with powerful and prominent establishments. This possibility went viral in Kashmir, and many began to wonder how it could work.

Dr. Farah, on the other hand, was on her way to a prosperous life. Dr. Naveed would prefer to stay with her. Dr. Farah was on leave, and Dr. Naveed would report early to take her shopping and for casual walks and short visits. They would visit a class shopping mall to shop for the newcomer. Hardly knowing about the gender of the newcomer, they would

"What may be causing it? There are several reasons for this. People with such a family history, according to my research,"

...father, maternal uncle, or maternal ...

to be her father, paternal uncle, or maternal uncle, or maternal

Went down to the beach

... nach dem 1. April 1941 ...

... ..

[illegible]

...all of which we have seen in the past. All the more so, we must be prepared to meet the weakness of the League of Nations, which is the only one of its kind in the world.

...the reason for her execution was the reason...

The would-be spent in Nishat, Lt. Naweed, son-in-law one night when he said

confidence to approach his father-in-law one night when he was
his father-in-law were going home after saying their night

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ՀԱՅԵԱՆ

"Daddy, is there anyone in your family who has had motor

1. $\frac{1}{2} \frac{d}{dt} \int_{\mathbb{R}^n} |u|^2 dx = \int_{\mathbb{R}^n} u \Delta u dx = - \int_{\mathbb{R}^n} |\nabla u|^2 dx \leq 0$.

40.

40.

"Why are you interrogating me like this?"

„I'm just curious,"

"Please come clear, is everything all right?"

1950-1951

"Doctor, what are you saying?"

part is that this condition is incurable

"It's true, but please don't tell anyone. At the very least, Dr. Farah isn't aware of it."

"I got what you're saying. But why has God treated me so harshly? I just have one daughter and it is terrible that she is having such an inoperable sickness, the unfortunate."

Both returned with the appearance of having been dragged for a long time. Hani had a despondent expression on her face, but they were unable to convey their sorrow. One thing was certain: this condition did not result in immediate death, rather depending on the severity of the disease, one could live for five to six years, or even ten years. Dr. Farah progressively healed from the delivery period, but when she looked in the mirror, she would wonder why her health was deteriorating. Everyone has a child, but her deteriorating health was a source of concern not just for us, but also for her. This was a query she posed to her mother.

"Daughter, it happens, all that you would eat has been transformed into this baby. May I offer my life to him? Now you will approve your life and will recover soon, and when you return to your duties, that will in turn help you recover."

She was a doctor, yet she relied on her mother's suggestions. A mother is, in reality, in our culture, one such entity, and with this conviction, Dr. Farah continued to believe in her. The baby's head was shaved, followed by his circumcision. As the baby showed signs of growth, Dr. Farah's health continued to deteriorate. Dr. Farah's mother would visit shrines and saints in addition to giving offerings and donations. Everyone was now concerned about Dr. Farah's abating health. Dr. Naveed would find her in the hospital and would conclude that with every day, death was creeping in and that she would die every day. She had already surrendered to the sickness and was

sure that death might strike at any moment, so she had accepted it without question. She had nothing to be concerned about since she knew her parents would back her no matter what, and her in-laws would provide her with the finest possible care and attention. When her father-in-law was notified by his son that his daughter-in-law had contracted a life-threatening condition, he couldn't sleep. At the hospital, Sauma would spend a lot of time with Dr. Farah. Sauma was a favourite of hers, and she loved conversing with her. In the whole hospital, they were the talk of the town.

Shazia was the sole female patient in the old lot who was still there. She was yet to be discharged after so many years. It was evident from the hospital records, a memorandum was issued against Dr. Naveed for it. In his defence, Dr. Naveed provided evidence of five letters that he had written to her relatives, but in spite of that, there was no response. Now that the mother had also returned to the hospital, it was too difficult for the hospital to manage full strength of the bed. Dr. Naveed had to listen to music in this regard.

One day he mustered his courage and addressed Shazia.

"Shazia, you are now fine. You must go back to your home and how long will you be here in the hospital?"

Shazia was silent. She didn't reply and kept looking at the ceiling.

"Shazia, I am addressing you."

"Doctor, the home belongs to the family and relatives, but all my relatives and family members have refused to associate with me. They've pronounced me dead. My relatives have buried me alive and now you want me to return to them. They're not going to take me in. No, I don't believe so. I've been left here to be terminated, so where do I go now?"

"I understand your dilemma; the way this society has damaged you makes it impossible for others to embrace you. Isn't it unfortunate? However, I have decided to send you to your destiny. I'll drop you off there with the truth they've been avoiding."

"Please don't do that, Doctor. I still have hope that they will visit me eventually, and it is this hope that has kept me alive to this day. It will automatically kill me if they instantly reject me."

"Why should they discard you? I will warm their hearts when they see you. After all, a daughter's smile may melt any stone, much less their hearts."

"Doctor, they are not merciless?"

"What are they then?"

"They believe in hollow conventional religiosity and are animals, beasts. They don't recognise anyone and have no personal identity."

"Let us see how deadly they are, Dr. Shazia."

With this in mind, Dr. Naveed chose to deliver Shazia to her house the next Sunday, with Dr. Farah, the department chief, accompanying him along with Sama, who took excellent care of her. Now that they're all looking forward to Sunday,

Dr. Mushtaq's Track 2 diplomacy, on the other hand, reached unprecedented heights. He began a conversation with all the parties and agencies that could be able to assist him in achieving his goal. He urged everyone to raise their collective consciousness in order to pursue Track 2 diplomacy in order to bring peace to Kashmir. Dr. Mushtaq was the one who started this psychological war. He was certain that this was the only way to bring peace to Kashmir. Conflict has deteriorated into a major issue. He believed that Track 1 diplomacy needed to be

accompanied by Track 2 diplomacy. For centuries, the battle has smouldered the Kashmiri people, and it should end up somewhere. Everyone was hoping that Track 2 would provide some hope for the Kashmir dispute since it was a unique undertaking and a novel concept to bring everyone together on one platform to discuss the problem. As time has passed, Dr. Mushtaq has risen to greater heights of recognition. He was well-known in Kashmir for treating mentally ill patients, and as he embarked on a new mission, people would have more faith in him than before. The multitude suffocated him, but his family members became angry. They believe that Kashmir is overrun by agencies and that the majority of the agencies are opposed to peace. They all want to keep the subject alive because it is important to them. His son, Atif, a mass communication student, was alerting the family about everything that was going on. He came to meet his father and learn more about the functions of government agencies in Kashmir. "Atif, I came to meet you with the purpose to suggest that you should shun Track 2 Diplomacy."

"But why Atif? Is there no one who can assist our nation in finding solace? Is there no one who can stand out for her in the name of the motherland? We've been suffering like this for the past thirty years, bearing the load of submission. I'm sure the hospital's laboratory can attest to that, and my co-workers can attest to how many people they would admit. Many mentally ill people are admitted." It appears that the entire state of Kashmir is mentally impaired. "Abu, there is no second opinion about it. This motherland has equipped you with an intellect that befits a doctor only to serve the patients who are mentally sick."

"But how many are there? How many people can be healed and treated? They are growing in geometrical progression like mushrooms."

Dr. Mushtaq's wife becomes ecstatic and wrap her arms around him, kisses his forehead.

At this point, I don't have anything against you.

Dr. Mushtaq could not sleep because he was convinced that his mission was the only way to solve the situation. He believed that history would not forgive him and that anyone who reasonably asks, "Why has Dr. Mushtaq left his motherland?" It was Dr. Mushtaq's second failure. His dream was ready to crumble to dust, and the night came to an end as he reflected on it. Overhead, a fresh dawn broke. Dr. Mushtaq was all set to fulfil his commitment to his children and wife. He had already planned what he'd write in the newspaper about how he'd reply to anyone who questioned his decision. At 10 o'clock, Dr. Mushtaq left for his office, which was located at the street from Farlab Park. All the newspaper offices were within walking distance. Dr. Mushtaq's car was driven just to the press entrance and parked in its designated spot. The driver could see that three motorcyclists were waiting for them to arrive and he asked Dr. Mushtaq to stay in the car.

The racing motorcycle approached Dr. Mushtaq's automobile and fired three shots into his body before he could respond. He was knocked out. Dr. Mushtaq's blood was splattered all over the Press Entrance. The driver was still seeing red. "Dr. Mushtaq has been slain," someone shouted. The shout reverberated across the valley as a new day. The doctors proclaimed him brought dead as he was brought to the hospital and Track 2 diplomaes persons came. The news only made worse by the accident. The entire hospital was in a state of a matter of minutes, and the deceased were transported to Zafraan Colony, which is located near Srinagar, which is why people could reach it easily and quickly. Anif's state was unbearable; he hid himself in a corner of his house. Fahmeeda wounded her chest when the dead

and friends family co-workers and others attended. The mourners quickly filled the whole campus of everyone claimed that anyone who attempted to leave Kashmir would suffer the same fate. One thing that was kept secret from everyone except his son and the rest of the world assumed he was a martyr for a cause that he was. The death came as a shock to Dr. Naveed and Dr. Farah. As soon as word of the death reached them, Dr. Naveed and Dr. Farah arrived at Zafraan Colony with Saima. When the lifeless body of Dr. Mushtaq was prepared for the last journey to the cemetery, it was far too difficult for me to explain the scene in words. Now that insane men are in charge of the hospital. Every heart was aching, and every eye was searching for an answer to the question: why was he killed? What was his transgression? He was attempting to resolve the Kashmir issue. Dr. Naveed and Farah stayed there for a while to soothe Dr. Mushtaq's wife, who was inconsolably sad. Atif was similarly distressed, he was unable to calm his mother or convey his anguish. The casket was carried to the burial while *Allah O Akbar* and *Laila Hala Mullah* were chanted. He was led to his grave by these blissful verses. He walked on to his final resting place, leaving behind all his property, affluence, renown, and numerous other worldly possessions, carrying only his deeds. His second son had also come from Delhi in the interim. Both brothers brought their father's body to the grave and buried him beneath the heaps of clay. Dr. Mushtaq's death marked the beginning of a new chapter in Kashmir's history. The tombstone was raised at his burial after a few days. But there was one question that neither his grave stone nor lips could answer: "What caused it to happen? What was he slain for, and why was he killed?" No one could think about it or talk about it. As time passed, Dr. Naveed

"She may, however, resume her life in India or Bangalore. She does not need to be concerned about money. She would be able to start again in any manner she wanted because there would be no traces of her past to follow her."

"Ask Doctor Sahib for advice, she is an unwelcome visitor in their tragic demise."

"The entire neighborhood was stunned to witness the murder by the lads of the organisation to which that boy for my child. They were chased out of the region and brutally murdered."

"This isn't only a problem for the police, it's also a problem for my child. Dr. Farah asked Nisar Sahib a question. Have these boys arrested later on?"

"The day she was taken to the hospital," a widow said. "She broke the news that Shazia had committed suicide by drowning them. Then, thinking like a creature, I found out that the character who was always posing a threat to the storyline. We were told that she was a creature, I found out that she was a creature."

"Such creatures are," a man said. "Shazia, on the other hand, to avoid her ways which she does, but how does she know that?"

"I am not sure," a man said. "I am not sure since you told her to avoid her ways which she does, but how does she know that?"

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Since we believed we were no longer in danger. After a few days, his burial, and we decided to postpone our trip to Bangalore area was developed in anguish. Hundreds of mourners attended in that condition. For her, it was an awful shock. The entire encounter that lasted for two days. The youngsters was martyred her education. The day we had to depart coincided with an place for her to pursue use of the climate, we could not see him since he was a creature, I found out that the character who was always posing a threat to the storyline. We were told that she was a creature, I found out that she was a creature."

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"I've come to ask Dr. Naveed for permission. This union cannot be as beneficial to you as it is to Hiban. He needs to be able to rely on someone. He'll need someone to refer to as mother."

"No one save you could be his mother."

"If I live, there is nothing to be concerned about; if not, he will require one."

"It will be viewed at a later time. We don't have to talk about it right now."

"I can't carry this weight there; you must understand that a patient must be anxiety-free in order to heal rapidly. If you all want me to recuperate as quickly as possible, you must give me permission."

A spell of silence was then cast in the room. It was followed by a storm, which knocked out electricity. For a time, darkness dominated as if it were a tyrant. Dr. Naveed then switched on the inverter bulb. Farah reiterated her inquiry as the room was re-lit.

"How do you feel about it, Daddy?"

"Oh, my daughter! You've put us through a gruelling ordeal."

"Please, Daddy, pay attention to what I'm saying. It's crucial for this house, for you, for Hiban, and for Dr. Naveed."

"Then go out and find a suitable girl. I completely agree with you."

"I've already told you that we know who the girl is. Saima works as a nurse in a hospital. Dr. Naveed knows her. She's a trustworthy young lady, as if she were my younger sister."

"Saima! Farah, Farah! So, what exactly are you saying?"

"Saima is a good girl, fit for this house. She's not a doctor, but she's a lot more than that."

No one said anything, and they ate their supper in silence. When Dr. Farah entered her room, she discovered her photos strewn across the walls. A couple of hers, a few of Dr. Naveed's, and a few of them together. She was both relieved to see it and saddened by the fact that it would eventually be replaced.

"Dr. Naveed, you must not overwork your intellect. I am yours and will always be yours, but life must go on, and no one can deny that."

"Apart from Hiban, Farah, your memories are enough to keep me alive for a long time. I'm not in need of anything else."

"I need it, Hiban must have a brother or a sister, a solitary child is of little worth. I am the only daughter and you can understand my trouble. You too are an only son, see what is going on."

"All right, when you return from the US, we shall see."

"I shall depart only after this marriage has matured."

"You're welcome to speak with Daddy."

"It's my responsibility, not yours, to persuade him, but we need to know if Saima is mentally prepared."

"Your idea will wreak havoc on my life. Do whatever you need to do."

Dr. Naveed then pulled the comforter over him and promptly fell asleep. Farah stared at him for a long time, knowing that it was the last night, that these were the final moments, and that there would be nothing but separation after that. She expresses her gratitude to Naveed by saying, "Thank you, Naveed, for everything."

The morning usher in a new era of optimism. The Farah ceremony is held, and Salma meets her in-law. Farah leaves her mother and father-in-law just as she is ready to depart. She gets out of the car.

"Dear daughter, when you leave tomorrow, do the first annulet on your right arm. We have come from a sad. We begged for your good health."

"Daddy," in a moment, she embraces her father and refuses to be escorted by him. She wants the newly wed bride to get her due time. As Dr. Flaved descends from the car, the car departs.

At the airport, a large group of people gathered to say their goodbyes to Farah. Hibban was in her arms, and she placed him in the arms of Salma before departure. She walked through the glass door without looking back and vanished like a sand wave. Everyone could only stare as the plane lifted off and the trip faded from their view.

"Do you have any ideas? Shazia took her own life. The information was obtained from today's newspaper. They all blamed our hospital for her relapse and subsequent suicide due to a lack of facilities and sufficient health treatment."

"Allow them to write whatever they want. Farah, thank goodness, remained unaware of this and fled before she found out."

"It is, in fact, calming."

"Was there any mention of her parents in the rest of the article?"

"There isn't anything like it. The police are looking into the situation."

"It's all right, they'll contact us as well."

The plane crosses the Banabai, and everyone leaves the airport. Farah takes the newspaper inside the plane and reads about Shazia's suicide, which puts her to sleep, and her situation was the same even at Delhi Airport till she boarded the international aircraft. The plane sped across the night sky, heading towards a bright sunrise. The cacophony lasted for a while, and suddenly everything was silent. This saga stopped for us here, but not for readers it may not because the mental institution is still there and the patient flow continues. Every new patient brings with him new stories of oppression and tyranny. These are our own stories, and before it is our turn, let us say our goodbyes.

Notes

1. Chilla Kalan, or Chilla Kalan, is the local name given to a 40-day period of harsh winter in Kashmir. It is the coldest part of winter, starting from December 21 to January 29 every year.
2. Kangri is a small portable earthenware-lined wicker basket used as a warming stove in Kashmir.
3. Wazwan is a multi-course feast in Kashmiri cuisine that is regarded as an art form and a source of pride in Kashmiri culture and identity. Most of the recipes are meat-based, with lamb, beef, or chicken as the main ingredients, with a few vegetarian options. It is well-known throughout Kashmir. Waza means "cook" or "cooking" in Kashmiri, while wani means "shop." The royal wazwan is Kashmir's greatest ceremonial dinner. Between fifteen and thirty of its thirty-six courses can be meat dishes cooked overnight under the direction of a master chef known as a wousti waze. Guests are seated in groups of four, and the food is served on a big copper plate known as the "taam."
4. Kehwa is an unusual blend of Kashmiri green tea leaves, whole spices, almonds, and saffron that was historically cooked in a samovar, a metal kettle. The samovar features a central chamber where hot coal is filled, and the surrounding area is then used to boil water and other tea components.
5. Ishaqim (alternative transcription Hakeem) indicates a "wise man" or "physician", or in general, a practitioner of herbal medicine, especially of Unani and Islamic medicine.
6. Fatch Kadal is one of the seven bridges of Srinagar.
7. Amira Kadal: Of all the seven historical bridges of Srinagar, the Amira Kadal Bridge also referred to as the "first Bridge" is a relatively newer one if compared with the rest of the six bridges. Built in 1774-77 by the Afghan Governor Amir Khan Sher Jawan, this bridge has been witness to many events of historical importance.
8. The Jhelum River is a river that flows from the Indian-administered territory of Jammu and Kashmir, through the Pakistani-administered territory of Azad Kashmir, and into Pakistani Punjab. It is the

westernmost of the five rivers of the Punjab region, and passes through the Kashmir Valley. It is a tributary of the Chenab River and has a total length of about 725 kilometres (450 mi).

9. Rouf is a traditional and rhythmic folk dance of Jammu and Kashmir. Amidst the rows of blossoming tulips, you will find women wearing colourful dresses rhythmically celebrating spring. The celebration is grand and includes this charismatic tradition.
10. Izband or Harmala in English and Harmal in Hindi popularly known as Wild Rue is a small shrub which is widespread in the subtropical regions of India, abundant in Kashmir and Ladakh. Harmala Seeds or Izband have been used since ancient times in the cultural and religious rites worldwide. According to folklore, Izband smoke wards off the evil eye. Traditionally Izband seeds are placed on red hot charcoal and in a Kangri, wherein they explode with a small popping noise releasing a fragrant smoke. This tradition is still followed in Kashmir and in some other parts of the world believing to ward off the evil eye. Izband is used on every special occasion in Kashmir, be it a wedding, a happy festive gathering or a housewarming party.
11. A karakul (or qaraqul) hat also called an Uzbek hat is a hat made from the fur of the Qaraqul breed of sheep. Karakul directly translates to black fur in the Uzbek language and the hat originally comes from Bukhara. The Karakul cap is colloquially known as a "Karakul" in the Kashmir Valley. Although it is now associated with the Kashmiri gentry.

The Psychiatric Ward

Dr. Sohan Kaul
A Novel



Dr. Sohan Kaul is a well-known Kashmiri author and dramatist. He is the author of a dozen novels as well as a number of stage plays. One of his profound works is his latest novel "Psychiatric Ward". Aside from the shifting socio-political situation in Kashmir, the narrative illustrates the meaninglessness of life. His subsequent novels cover a variety of topics, but the fundamental issues regarding the universe, its existence and irrationality remain the same. "Talash Roze Jar" (Kashmiri), one of his major works, is an illustration of torturing impact of modern life and writer's seamless struggle to find an answer to basic questions regarding life and death. He is quite metaphorical in his prose and tends to reject the conventional pattern of Kashmiri novel. He has a notion that the basic difficulties of the modern damaged psyche include alienation, morality, disorientation, and uncertainty. His major focus as a writer is on damaged psyche of Kashmiri civil society. For his literary achievements and inventive idiom, he has won several awards. He is considered the pioneer in anchoring modern sensibility to Kashmiri Novel.



Mushiaque B. Barg is an author of novels, translations, poetry, and short stories. Poetry Soup and Poem Hunter.Com both include his poetry collection. He teaches English literature and is a member of a number of literary organisations and forums. In 2007, Poetry.Com USA and the International Library of Poetry honoured the author with the "Editor's Choice Award" for excellent achievement in poetry. The author was honoured in 2017 for his poetry publications in *The Criticon: An International Journal in English* in February 2017 and September 2018. The author has translated well-known poets, fiction writers, and Kashmiri Sufi poets of Kashmir. For his translations and other literary works, the author received the Alaudar Award, the Kalidas Literary Award, and the Best Poet Award from the IIA.



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